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LAST YEAR'S NEST.

Since your heart has been my home,
Like a painted canvas dome
Rounds the heaven overhead;
Unmaterial as the dead,
Men and women loose their hold
On my heart and leave it cold;
Less are human fellowships,
Warmth for warmth, responsive lips,
Than a buzzing in the brain;
What is real, here, above,
But the love that wraps us twain
In a solitude of love?

Oh your heart is still, and drowned
In that overtone of sound,
Silence! like the hills that be
Scarce in hearing of the sea;
Lit with afterglow of green
Like brook-waves with grass between;
Shaken by the throb remote
In a fountain's narrow throat,
Rather pulse than whisper; linked
Dewy stillness, humid breath,
Very dim and indistinct,
And as wonderful as death.

Roses shaken from the stem
With the dew that vapoured them,
Lingering echoes, odours shed,
All things old and spent and dead
Harbour in your bosom: there
Half the glaucous atmosphere
Thrilled with viewless touches, warm
Round the fancy of a form,
Damp with memories of tears,
Feels as though a night-moth's wings
Brushed my forehead unawares,
Horrible with vanished things.

Just a ruined nest and brown,
Filled with frozen balls of down.
How I dreamed it hushed with bliss
While between the silences,
Brimming them as one that sings,
Love, the bird, should wave his wings!
Oh your heart that blurs my sense
To familiar evidence
Of life's being, — men and trees,
Human yearning, sun and loam —
More phantasmal yet than these
Is your heart that is my home.

BEATRICE WITTE